

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.]

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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POETRY.

"AND IS THIS ALL?"

Written at the Grave of Washington.

BY OLIVER L. TAYLOR.

[The author encountered, in a trip along the Potomac, a European gentleman of rank and education; who, with the magnificence of a Youngster, addressed him before his mind, on beholding the simple, undisturbed aspect of Mount Vernon, remarked with surprise, unsmiling with sarcasm, "and is this all your country does for Washington?"

And is this all? What would you have?
Some vast
And colossal pile, whose mounting front
Should look with daring gaze in Heaven's calm face.

And adamant walls, and pendent arms
With royal deck to guard the clay.
The coffin of clay to guard the clay.
For him, these cold and solemn mockeries
Which cunning tyrants invent to awe
The pulseless souls of his time worshippers,
Blest him, whose life majestic was
And grand, yet free from pomp and empty boast
As these high, everlasting hills, and pure
As your clear heaven which smiles upon his grave;
What wouldst thou have? Is not this spot of earth
More beautiful, "Till not that doleful bell,"
I like it not. Is there might well be
The will of you, sternest of should.
Oh, this, why, "tis a scene of joy! The blue
Rejoicing stream, kissing each stalwart rock,
As if to win the sternness from its face,
Goes singing on its way past happy homes
Blest with the kindest fruits of earth. And here
The hills have found a pathway to the sun,
Catching the earliest smile of coming morn,
And the last glory of departing day.
The flowers breathe their holiest incense round,
And all the air is musical with birds
That fit from spray to spray.

And here, in this
Sequestered nook, where trees of deathless verdure
Spring from out the mold, taking their root
From consecrated dust—here slumbers all
All of the greatness that can die! Tread lightly!
For methinks his sainted spirit broods in all
The perfume of air, and hallows every scene
Of this most lovely spot.

And is this all?
Back to thy lordly lair, and say to them
Who wear their greatness in a jeweled star,
A purple robe and diamond scepter:
That thou hast seen the grave of him whose fame
Is wedded to eternity—beneath
Whose eye their haughty lilies quailed; whose
Whose eye earth's proudest monarchs shrink, abashed
At their own littleness; and whose mighty arm
It was that broke, as straw, the gallant yokes,
And dashed to earth the clanking chains they formed
For men of free-born souls!

And is this all?
And say, beside that grave, thou sawest one, who,
Nursed in the free and thrice West, and taught
By his own lofty hills and countless floods
To loathe the very name of tyrant, bow'd
Him there, and tell such splendid high
Such price unto him, and then how low
As no Delphic vale, no pilgrim shrine
Of blessed Mecca, and no moldering cross
Or tower, clad in verdure rich with blood,
Of martyr's saint or warrior, ere could stir
Within his wondrous veins! And his but one
Of twice ten million hearts that throbb'd like his;
And gather those million hearts for noble deeds,
That should some rash, intruding foe dare dare
To wrest from them the secret birthright won
By him who slumbers here, or even seek
With sacrilegious hand, to mar the deep
Repose of the most consecrated spot, then
As multitudinous as the ocean's waves,
Their swords would leap from out their sheaths, and
Strike

In their avenging arms for freedom, home
And God, deeming their lives a paltry price
For the bare privilege to fight for such
A Heritage.

And say, the grave that thus
Could fire the heart of youth—could win the love
Of matron and of maid, none need trace
Of his blazoned eulogy, no funeral urn,
No sculptured shaft of Parian marble.

Not his blazoned arm o'erhauling with gold,
But simple, grand, serene as his own life,
It lies within the dim old woods he lov'd
So well; the broad blue heaven that smiles above,
His epitaph; the stream that murmurs by,
His everlasting dirge.

Back with thy thoughts
Of lordly birth; bring not thy empty trappings
Here. He needs them not.

"It is the custom of vessels to toll their bells when
passing Mount Vernon."

PREMIUMS ON STOCK.—There were five
Fifty dollar premiums awarded on stock, at
the State Fair, viz:

For the best thorough bred horse, Imported
Monarch, to John Reber, Lancaster, Fairfield
county, \$50.00.

For the best roaster, Champion, Peter
Melendy, Hamilton county, \$50.00.

For the best horse of all work, Gray High-
lander, Butler county Importing company,
\$50.00.

On Cattle:
For the best Bull, Crusader, R. G. Corwin,
of Lebanon, \$50.00.
For the best Cow, Scottish Blue Bell, R. G.
Corwin, Lebanon, \$50.00.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Usefulness of a Farmer's Library.

A late number of the New York Spirit of the Times contains a very interesting story of a farmer and how he acquired his library. It should be read not only by every farmer in the land, but by every parent. Here we see the effects of the knowledge which is acquired from the agricultural corner of the village newspaper. Thus a thirst for useful information is produced and has its effect in the members of the family are established, and the little household converted into a paradise on earth.

The writer introduces his subject by saying that the intelligence of a people may be easily ascertained by finding out how their leisure time is spent. The devoted attachment to the newspaper is clearly an Americanism, and hence the general intelligence which predominates throughout the United States. He then refers to the character of the reading best suited to the taste of the native British as compared with the sources of enjoyment of the Italian and the Frenchman. The Frenchman, he says, will electricity with his frivolous light head, light heart, and light heels; and if, indeed, he does feel his educational powers at stake, and that something of unusual importance is demanded of him, he will declaim for hours on painting, science, and the glory of his country's arms. In a word, then, every nation has some distinctive greatness engraven in its system, which is the result of perpetual education.

"Individuals like nations, and their habits, morals and manners are moulded after the manner their first impressions are given, and thus we learn how very important it is for heads of families who are desirous for the prosperity and happiness of their children, that they start right at the beginning."

"During the last summer I became acquainted with a gentleman and his two sons whilst going up the North River in one of the night boats. The old gentleman informed me that he owned a very handsome farm in Dutchess county, and having secured his crops, was taking his sons to visit a relative in one of the western counties of the State. "In the course of conversation I was a good deal surprised by the general information of both father and sons, and I ventured to remark that the young men must have received a very liberal education. The old gentleman smiled as he informed me that they had, to be sure, always attended the district school during winter until they were well grown young men, and that the teachers latterly had been somewhat puzzled to learn them more than they already knew. "But," said he, "if you will favor me with a visit, I will show you how they have gathered—in fact, I may say all my family—the information they now possess, and also how every farmer's family may revel in the luxury of knowledge."

"This invitation I very readily accepted," and having fixed a day some two weeks ahead, as they would be at home then, we retired to our state-rooms for the night. "True to the engagement, at the appointed day and hour, I found myself at the depot nearest his farm, and no less punctual was my new friend, with a smart wagon to convey me to his house. Dutchess can boast of as many good farms as any in the State, and after a few miles hard riding I was put down on one of them. I have rarely seen a farm more compact or comfortable, and the houses of every description were pictures of convenience and cleanliness.

"After dinner, the old gentleman put one of his arms in mine, and looking me very knowingly in the eye, says: 'You city gentlemen, when at leisure after dinner, I believe, generally retire either to your private or some public library. Will you do me the favor to walk down to ours, and I will show you something that will unravel a mystery which I know is lurking in your mind!'"

"With all my heart," I replied, and we soon found ourselves leisurely walking on a well-worn footpath, which seemed to lead to a small portion of the farm. After going about a quarter of a mile, we came to a white picket fence, and on opening a gate were in an enclosure made by this said fence.

"There appeared to be about two acres of land in this enclosure, and it seemingly contained nothing but potatoes, and yet not a potatoe wasthere. 'This,' said my conductor, 'we call our library, but it so happens all our books, maps, &c., are out in fact, we this year raised a very large crop of Carter potatoes; they brought us a large price in New York, and in order to let the potatoes grow we had to have all the room we could spare, but all in good time we will explain.'

"My friend seeing my bewilderment, laughed heartily. 'Come,' said he, 'we will now go back to the house; you have seen our library here, we will next see the results of it.'

"Arrived at the house again; I was ushered into a large room, and here indeed was the key to all the mystery heretofore unexplained. The walls were literally papered with book-cases, whilst the tables groined with magazines, periodicals and papers. "Now," said my friend, bursting into a hearty laugh, do you see any thing between the library where the potatoes grow and this room? 'I must confess,' said I, looking no doubt very innocent, 'that I cannot perceive that growing Carter potatoes has to do with this display of books, &c.' 'Ah,' said he, 'every thing; potatoes this year, tomatoes, onions, &c., last year; something else the year before, and so on, there would have been no books, therefore we call the patch which I showed you, the library, and never-failing it has proved to be since the first year we set that little spot of ground aside for the particular purpose it has ever since been most faithfully applied. And now, having thus far aroused your curiosity, I will give you the cause—the effect is already before you. When I was a young man, scientific farming was unknown; the same tracks our forefathers had followed were supposed to be good enough for their descendants. Improved horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, or poultry were

unheard of; the consequence naturally enough was the same in every yard—runs of every description consumed the crops, and gave no adequate return. During one of our annual visits to New York, to dispose of our sheep, hogs, butter, and other farm produce, just before the close of the sloop's running, and lay in such winter stores as we needed, I quite accidentally strayed one evening into a book auction establishment. Not knowing whether the auctioneer was selling perfect books or not, or whether they were selling cheap or dear, as I amused myself in looking on, never so much as looking up at him, for fear he should think I was bidding. At length it was getting late, and the people began to leave, myself among the rest; just as I got to the door I heard him cry out, 'Here is a bush-basket full of books of all kinds—who will give me one dollar for the lot?' 'I will,' said I, and I went to the desk, paid my money, and received my purchase.

"We reached home in due time, and the first evening found me unfolding my treasure—it is true, they were a mixed lot. Chemistry, Roderick Random, Waverley, and Baxter's Call, and the Age of Reason; how ever, there was variety enough to keep the family in reading all winter. The next summer I got married, and father having purchased a farm for me, which had been pretty well run down, I was determined to see if there was any thing in book farming, as Mr. Buel and others were then publishing accounts of their ways of doing things, and denouncing heavy plows, small seeds, and other old-fashioned theories.

"My farm required all my attention, and every dollar was needed to put the place in order; in fact, it was the hardest work to me to spare enough to take the nearest village paper. In the paper every week there was just about sufficient farming information to make one anxious for more—extracts from this book and that pamphlet, this lecture and that magazine, that made me almost desperate, because I could not get the works, and thus study for myself what was new or instructive.

"One evening, whilst brooding over this state of things, an idea seemed to strike me, which appeared not only feasible, but easy to carry out. I immediately stated what it was to my wife, and she at once entered into my plan; it was this: We would set aside a small patch, which should be cultivated at leisure hours, half or quarter wet days, dinner times, or any other period that could be snatched, though not to interfere with the regular working of the farm. The very next day a piece of land was staked out and planted with cabbage, they being as we thought the least trouble, and we could not spare much time.

"Our crop was gathered in the fall and sent to market, and the return was over \$20 in cash. With this money I subscribed for a farmer's periodical, bought some books on farming, and disposed of the money in such a way as brought me, in information, what eventually proved the making of my worn out farm into one of the best in the country, which you have already acknowledged this to be.

"Having made such a good beginning, I kept it up year after year, adding continually books, papers, &c. As a family was coming around us, we made it a point to lead our children, as soon as they could pull a weed, to the library, and here give them the first lesson in manual industry, as from the proceeds their mental culture was to depend. As our children increased and grew larger, so did our patch extend and our shelves become loaded, until you see the one with a picket fence around it, and the other this well filled room of the choicest works of England and America."

"The wonder ceased why the sons, and, in fact, all this family, possessed so much more intelligence than their neighbors, they had been trained by far-seeing parents in the best school ever selected by man. Taught from infancy to labor, and then shown how that labor was most abundantly rewarded in the bush, naturally delighted in their calling, and, applying all the information their books gave them, they far surpassed all their neighbors in the quality and quantity of their crops, whilst their stock of all kinds was far superior to any others.

"Is it any wonder this farmer is not only rich in all the blessings of this life, but that he is particularly blest in the love of his family? It is true, he is the envy of his neighbors, and they wonder how it is his meadows never fail of yielding their increase, whilst theirs every year fail of doing so."

"Simple as this method of enriching the farmer is, so easy in all its ramifications, yet there is hardly a farmer to be found, who, after seeing the feasibility of this plan, will call his family around him, and say to them: 'If you want books and magazines, select a patch for yourselves in one of the fields, and we will see whether there is any truth in potatoe or cabbage libraries for us, as well as others; the subject is worthy a trial at any rate, and if we succeed the reward will be far greater than any labor we need give.'

"Here was a secret worth knowing, and I trust worth relating for the benefit of others. From small beginnings the most wealthy and influential merchants date their success, and from a few cabbages, planted in leisure hours, a product is eventually obtained, which probably no personal riches could have done. Every hour devoted to this employment was producing a wealth far beyond the silver that the articles would bring to market; the mind was to be enriched by this extra industry, which was far beyond any financial calculation.

"I must confess I was amazed at what I saw, and yet on a little reflection, I did not see why I should be. The facts were clear, a few moments well directed accomplished the business; the whole subject lay in a nutshell, and it was this: Instead of leisure hours being devoted to idleness and dissipation in the spring and summer, they were devoted to industry; the result of this was a full return of enjoyment for evenings and winter

by this well directed labor at the proper season.

"Of course, I found amongst the old and solid writings of the old English authors the lighter literature of the day; not, however, that trash which is written to sell cheap, but the popular authors of the age, who are adding pleasure at least, if not the more substantial realities of Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, &c."

"The oldest paper, and that which seemed to be the most approved of, as it was half bound, and there was many volumes, was the New York Spirit of the Times. On inquiring why that paper was held in such high repute by them, my friend answered the article on farming, published by it, were worth twice its subscription to every farmer; 'besides,' said he, 'handling me a large book of MSS., the whole of these receipts, treating on every subject and disease in which stock of all kind is concerned is copied from that paper.' There were, of course, other papers on file, but this one was the especial reference in all matters where stock was concerned. Magazines from New York and other cities were not forgotten, and even Frank Leslie and the fashions were not denied for the benefit of the young ladies, whilst 'Gleaner's Pictorial' delighted the young ones with its pictures and stories."

"If every farmer would follow the example of my friend, what a community this would be in a few years; and how easy is the whole thing accomplished. The produce of the vegetable library just spoken of was four hundred dollars, a sum obtained apparently without an effort. This sum judiciously distributed in books, pictures, &c., brought an amount of enjoyment far beyond any attempt I can describe."

Now what the Dutchess county farmer has so easily accomplished, with so much pleasure to himself and family, may as easily be done by almost any other farmer in the land. We could name an instance where a strawberry patch, not larger than the floor upon which we now sit, has produced not only an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit for home consumption, but the berries from it have been sold in market to the amount of \$40 in a single season, and the same may as easily be done with numerous other crops.—This sum would pay for two weekly papers, and leave a balance sufficient to make a respectable beginning to a farmer's library."

It is not necessary for the farmers of the West to send to New York for the Spirit of the Times, for they will find in other journals all requisite information upon every branch of agriculture, stock-raising, &c., together with full accounts and descriptions of all the new and improved farm machinery, the invention of which marks this wonderful age of progress and improvement.

—[Louisville Journal.]

Don't Stay Long.

"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife tenderly, in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied, spoke volumes. It told all the whole vast depths of a woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joys, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I fancied I saw the loving gentle wife, sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few moments running to the door to see if he were in sight, and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones, "not yet—not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband!" And I again thought I could see the young wife, weeping nervously in the great arm chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughts "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

O, you that have wives to say "Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy life of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy that a quiet home blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and the young wife's look seemed to say—'for here, in your own sweet home, is a loving heart—whose music is hushed when you are absent—here is a soft breast for you to lean your head upon, and here are pure lips unsated by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon."

Think of it, men, when you wives say to you "don't stay long,"—and O, don't let the kind words pass unheeded as of little value for though they may be to you, the disappointment or the fulfillment of their simple, loving heart, brings grief or joy to them. If you have an hour to spare bestow it upon them, and the pure love, gushing from their gentle, grateful hearts, will be a sweet reward.

RECEIPTS OF THE STATE FAIR.—We learn from Dr. Sprague, Sec. of the Board of Agriculture, that the receipts of the State Fair, from the sale of tickets, amounted to \$10,000, about \$3,000 more than was received last year at Newark. Received by subscription from the citizens of Columbus, \$3,000; making the total receipts about \$13,000.

A BITTER SATIRE.—Bryant, the poet, now in the East, writes, in one of his letters, as an evidence that the Mohammedans are fast becoming Europeanized: "They are becoming careless of the marriage vow, get drunk, beat their wives, brutalize their children, associate with infidels, and in fact are getting to be almost like the Christians."

A SHORT LESSON ON MANNERS.—Young men should not go into places of business with cigars in their mouths, puffing smoke over the shoulders and into the faces of people, not knowing whether it is offensive or not. No well-bred person will go into a strange place, unless it is dedicated to or used for such purposes, carrying a habit with him that may be offensive to the occupant.—Tulsa Blade.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

A STUBBORN WIFE.—A MATHEMATICAL QUESTION WRITTEN BY R. M. BARTLETT, PRINCIPAL OF BARTLETT'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, CINCINNATI. Q. AUTHOR OF BARTLETT'S COMMERCIAL BANKING TABLES, ETC.—A bought of B. real estate amounting to \$300,000. B's wife refused to sign the deed; whereupon B. proposed to make an equitable abatement to A, which he (A) was about to accept, when the wife proposed to compel B. to give her \$1,500 of the money, which he refused to do, but offered her \$1,000 cash in lieu of the deed; at which she became indignant, and declared most positively that she would not sign the deed. The negotiation, so far as B. and his wife were concerned, closed at this point.

Accept B's proposition, and the mathematician, from which he was determined the amount of reduction to be made to B. Memoranda—B's age 45 years, and expectation of life 32-100 years. His wife's age 33 years, and expectation of life 28-96-100 years. The value of money to be estimated at 6 per cent. per annum.

Question—Did B. lose or gain by not accepting his wife's proposition, and how much? What reduction was A entitled to?

Carlisle Table of Mortality.

The Ohio State Board of Agriculture met at their rooms, Columbus, Ohio, September 22d, when it was unanimously

Resolved, That the thanks of this Board are hereby tendered to the Presidents, Superintendents, and various employers of the several Railroads, who have so generously aided in promoting the objects of this Society;

To Mr. M. L. Sullivan, for the donation of his beautiful grounds and other facilities for the benefit of the Society;

To the Committee of Arrangements appointed by the City Council of Columbus, for their unremitting and successful exertions in meeting the want of the great multitude in attendance; To the Volunteer Firemen and Superintendents of various halls for their efficient aid;

To the attaches in every department for the faithful and satisfactory manner in which they discharged their duties;

To the ladies of Columbus for the decoration of Floral Hall;

To the Editorial Fraternity throughout the State for the generous aid they have given to the Board on all occasions;

And last, though not least, the Board desires to return their particular and sincere thanks to the numerous contributors to the State Annual Fair of the State of Ohio.

Attest: J. T. WORRINGTON, President.

G. SPRAGUE, Corresponding Secretary.

A Scene on Ship-Board.

From one of Cox's letters to the Statesman, on a California steamer: "The other night somewhere about latitude 27, before we reached the sight of land, we had a dance on deck, in which everybody who could fill a place in a cotillion danced. The moonlight silvered the sea, which was comparatively smooth, and lit up the deck with more than festive beauty. The children were snuggled away in their berths. Hilary held the hour. An Astorick Yankee, inspired by the occasion, played on the accordion: 'Oh! Scotland, don't say for me,' and a French fellow in broken English, called out: "Lead couples right and left" and away they go. "Indies shant" "Bil-bang" and then "Promenade-a-de-ail" and around they go with laughter and vivadi which is not lessened by the ship pitching in and giving the sea a "beat" of her own, to which they respond with a perfect uniformity of movement. While this scene of gay life is enacting on the cabin deck, a poor woman is breathing her last in the steerage. Unconscious of this scene of death the dancers danced on until Venus, which shone like a water moon and had her own reflection on the water, went down below the horizon. The heavens never to my eye shone so beautiful; they truly looked down on a sad as well as a joyous scene—the same old scene of mortal destiny. Joy in the cabin—death in the steerage—for ever repeating itself in this grim world."

The next morning at six, the dead was buried in the sea. She left a husband and two children; and as the last services were read and the body, appraised for its restless grave, was plunged into the sea, there was none present whose heart did not bleed in sympathy with the bereaved. To be thus buried, gave an added pang to the poignancy. To be thrown away, as it were, food for the sharks, on the mobile ocean, with no fixed spot where affection may come to plant its flowers and water them with its tears, where no association which might rob melancholy of its shade could rest. Oh! God, it is hard, doubly hard to bear. There were many wet eyes as the poor wife and mother was committed to her watery tomb that morning.

The event is soon forgotten. It is discussed awhile with a mournful tone and the first object of novelty brushes it away. A passenger caught a bee and is showing it to the crowd! The little wanderer affords the next memory. The recent death dies on the memory.

DOING IT BY STEAM.—At a late celebration of the anniversary of the French Revolution of 1792 by the French at New York, George Sanders made a speech. He is a Red Republican to the backbone. He declared that he was the friend of Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc; he was of the Order of the Guillotine, and he would work it by steam, by God! After this declaration it will not be difficult to know where George Sanders belongs. He is a filibuster of the Louis Blancs, and holds that it is our duty to thrash the world on the shortest notice.

Belmont County Teachers' Institute.

At the annual meeting of Belmont County Teachers' Institute held at Marietta, Ohio, on the week commencing Sept. 24th, the following resolutions were offered and after some discussion adopted.

1st. Resolved, That we who have attended this Institute, which we have been made to feel thereby, more and more, the responsibilities resting upon the Teacher, and the great need of professional training, we are also painfully impressed, with the fact that so few of the Teachers of the County recognize this responsibility, or feel this need.

2d. Resolved, That in order to remedy partially this deficiency, we will hold our next Institute at St. Clairsville, commencing the 1st Monday in May 1856, and holding one week, and that our County Board of Examiners who have the management of the schools, the branches on which the Teachers as a class are the most deficient, be respectfully solicited to conduct the course of instruction themselves, or procure competent persons to do it.

3d. Resolved, That there shall be no excuse, for those who desire to attend, except failure to attend the examinations, they year after year, and they should be considered as having a profession where they sit only as spectators.

4th. Resolved, That we do not regard the making a knowledge of Geography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, &c., as the least important of the subjects for our lowest grade of schools, and respectfully entreat, that these qualifications be insisted upon as no certificate is granted.

5th. Resolved, That in the absence of compensation, by law for the extra labor on the part of our Examiners, we have with confidence in the liberality and generosity of the true Teachers, of the County that we believe simple remuneration will be rendered them for their services.

6th. Resolved, That as there is now an awakening upon the subject of Education, never before known in the history of our country; as the day of the Pedagogue with his peculiarities idiosyncrasies and with his mental attitude is past, and the day of common sense, practical and reasonable common-sense Teachers is being ushered in; that we desire to keep pace with the spirit of an age, whose watchword is, honestly, we earnestly hope and pray that the foregoing resolutions may receive such consideration, and action, as their importance demands.

7th. Resolved, That in the absence of public instruction, we recognize the great conserving element of the body politic, and in view of the growing appreciation of this fact, by the community, we are justified in the prediction that nothing short of the complete education of the whole mass will satisfy the demands of an awakened public sentiment, that as the science of human education in some of the large cities, which includes all the learned professions, and all their titles and degrees, is the greatest, we must strive to qualify ourselves to meet this coming expectation.

8th. Resolved, That inasmuch as the professions of Divinity, Medicine, and Law, have their schools of special training, which are open to and right to confer certificates of qualification, we feel the establishment of the Normal school at Marietta, under the auspices of the State Teachers' Association, as the dawn of a new era, to the benefit of the State, and that it only requires that he take firm hold of the opportunity in his power to acquire his true position in society.

9th. Resolved, That the Teachers of the county, be requested to write essays upon the following subject: The best plan of School Government, and direct the essays with the writer's name sealed in a separate envelope, to our County Board of Examiners, who shall be authorized to select therefrom the four best, in their judgment, and send the same to the order of merit, at the next Institute, with the names of the writers, and of the rest with the names unopened, to be destroyed by the judges.

10th. Resolved, That a copy of the essays and resolutions be sent to each of the following papers with the request of publication:—

A HOLY ONE, see to it.

The LATEST LAW.—From the Marietta Daily News, 1st of October, which, in the New York courts are right, means on Tuesday, the 2d of October, the new law will go into effect, being the last opportunity the turkey have to consider their duty with anything stronger than water, unless they purchase the liquor by the quart. The law expressly says, that it shall be unlawful for any person to sell any vinous, spirituous, or brewed liquors in a less quantity than a quart, and any violation in this respect shall be a misdemeanor, the penalty for which is \$50 fine, and imprisonment not exceeding a month; or any subsequent offense, double this fine and three months imprisonment. Importers have the right to sell such liquors in the original packages. The law requires some securities and contractions which makes it doubtful what is its true import and effect; but these are matters for the lawyers, and the court to determine, and those affected in their prospects and business will no doubt avail themselves of every loophole in the law to escape its operations. In addition to this, there are two other laws in operation, making it imprudent to touch intoxicating liquors to visitors or inmate persons, or to any one when intoxicated, or to one known to be so for each case of selling, trading, or trafficking of spirituous or malt liquors, was an order on Sunday. The same penalty will be inflicted for permitting them to be drunk on or about the premises.

The editor of the "Rehearsal Democrat" gives this receipt to his dogs on dogs: "Shake the dog five minutes in company, and then set fire to him. The effect is instantaneous."

Want a Newspaper, Does Without Reward.

The result of my observation enables me to state as a fact, that collectors of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any other class of men in the United States, who invest much of their time and labor, and head-aching, to puff and defend mere people, with no fee or hope of reward, than any other class.

They read wider and longer; get oftener than their fellow countrymen; and are more the victims of newspaper confidence, than any other class in the community. They are expected to do more service for less pay, to stand more sponging and head-aching, to puff and defend mere people, with no fee or hope of reward, than any other class.

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